Lamento del Barista

for vocal quartet and piano

an homage to Monteverdi's Lamento della Ninfa, in Brooklyn

Music and Lyrics by Conrad Cummings

Program Note

"It needs to be about New York City, but not Manhattan-centric." That's what Jesse Blumberg, Artistic Director of the Five Boroughs Music Festival, asked for in his commission for the Five Boroughs Songbook. "Write for anything from one to four singers, plus piano." Well of course, go for four.

After a long and fruitless search for existing texts, I realized I had to do my own. It used to be that I felt hopelessly unhip when I got out of the subway at Bedford Street in Brooklyn's Williamsburg neighborhood, but in the last few years hipdom has moved further east, and now I have to get off the L train at the Morgan Avenue stop to feel totally passé among the nineteenth-century beards and the twenty-first century tattoos.

So I thought of a barista faced with these changing times. And of my all-time favorite composition, Monteverdi's proto-opera "Lamento della Ninfa." Similarities between Monteverdi's and my "Lamento"s are purely intentional. Consider my piece a love-letter to his.

And for the Williamsburg/Bushwick non-initiates, some notes on the text:

- Bedford, the L-train stop in the heart of Williamsburg, used to be crazy hip, now more crazy swank
- Bushwick, what Williamsburg was ten years ago, five more stops into Brooklyn on the L-train
- Roberta's, iconic Bushwick Michelin-starred, picnic-tables-in-an-old-industrial-space restaurant
- Bogart and Morgan, two streets running through the heart of Bushwick. Exit the Morgan Avenue stop on the L-train to either of these streets and feel like the unhippest person in the world if you're over thirty and absent an artistic tattoo and a 19-century beard
- The 6, perhaps the least hip subway line in NYC, navigating as it does both the Upper East Side and the Bronx. It will take you to Pelham Bay Park, a mere 29 stations and two hours after you transfer to it from the L

It's dawn. The violet light had not yet

Emerged from beyond the BQE,

When up from the subway stop called Bedford

A youth stepped out, reluctantly.

S

His brow is furrowed, he heaves a sigh.

He starts to speak. He stops. He's stunned.

The Apple Store's windows reflect his dejection.

He's been betrayed, his lattes shunned.

"Ai, Ai, Ai,"

poor barista.

"How can your lips touch another man's foam?"

Poor barista.

"You said that you loved my macchiatos."

Thus under Williamsburg's skies he moans.

"Where is loyalty, where is trust?

You've all moved to Bushwick, you've killed my cafe.

There's no time to get bearded like Abraham Lincoln.

My one small tattoo isn't fit for display."

Poor barista, he knows in the land of Roberta's, On Bogart or Morgan his look just won't play.

"I'll move to the Bronx, start a new single origin Eco-cafe beside Pelham Bay.

What am I saying? You won't ride the six.

There's no hope, all that's left me is doing today

What I dread, signing papers to work at the Starbucks

On Bedford and Seventh for substandard pay.

I curse you, you hipsters, in search of the latest

Sensation. My coffee is second to none!

To hell with you! I'll wear my apron so proudly,

And I'll be there after your neighborhood's done!"

He steps to the Starbucks, dejected and fierce,

Thrusts a fist to the heavens, and inside he goes.

Thus mixes fire and ice in the borough

Where many court hipness, and some find woe.

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* Within the general frame of the notation, modify rhythms freely to maximize clarity and expressiveness of text, just as you would for Monteverdi.

























